

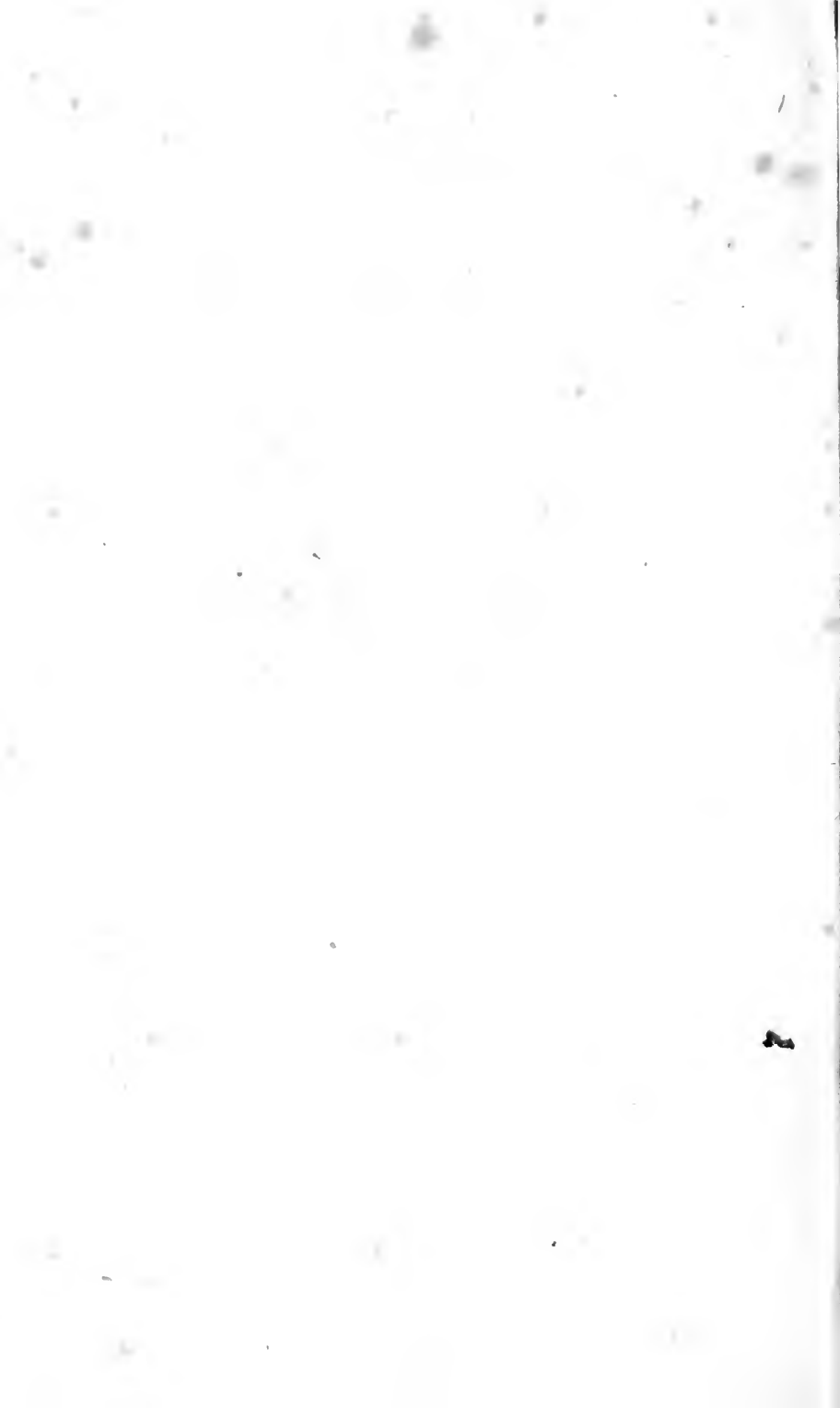




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A combination of unfortunate circumstances has influenced the Author to offer the following Trifles to the Public—which, otherwise, would not have appeared without much correction and deliberation. If, among the many errors the Collection may possess, his Friends can find some redeeming passages, the Author trusts they will generously forget its imperfections, and bear in memory those passages only which may merit their approbation.

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PERI NUZZADE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

It was the happy dawning of that ever joyous day,
When blooming Nature robes herself in all her bright
array;

It was the opening of that time, when Love asserts his
power,

And rules alike earth, air, and sea—the palace and the
bower.

Aurora led her blushing train along the skies afar,
Who, waving swift their rosy wings, extinguish'd every
star;

But from their fair ethereal eyes a softer light had birth,
While from their hands bright pearl-drops fell, and
jewell'd all the earth.

The zephyrs, laden with perfume, forsook their flowery
beds,

Ere yet the feather'd melodists had raised their beauteous
heads ;

And, rustling through each shrub and bush, o'er hill and
valley flew,

Awakening and dazzling all, with the May morning's dew.

The lark sprang upwards merrily, to meet with songs the
day,

And warble out its welcome to the Sun's first cheering ray ;

While meaner songsters, perch'd aloft on every branching
tree,

Pour'd notes of gladness through the woods, and thrilling
minstrelsy.

The waters were bright

With the rays of light,

As the day-god rose from the sparkling foam ;

And the small waves danc'd

As he proudly glanc'd

O'er the heaving breast of his ocean-home.

The pines were still

On their rocky hill,

And motionless worshipp'd the rising sun ;
While the aspen mild,
Like a timid child,
Trembled and smil'd, as his race begun.
The wild gazelle,
From his mossy dell,
Rush'd up to the mountain, as free and swift
As the stormy scud
O'er the troubled flood,
When it sweeps thro' the air in its fearless drift.
While the *giran*^a stood
By the tangled wood,
With eyes beaming pleasure, and bosom gay,
And forgot to graze,
In the long long gaze
He fix'd on the glories of that bright day.

The eagle soar'd to the blushing sky,
With a grand and graceful majesty ;
Up, and away to the golden sun,
Defying the range of bow or gun.
The falcon peacefully wing'd his flight,
Scarce heeding the prey within his sight ;
And all seem'd peaceful, and all look'd gay,
On the cloudless morn of that May-day.

Tho' the bulbul's^b voice
Refused to rejoice,
Still its full heart beat in its downy breast ;
And it kept its pow'r
For the twilight hour,
To lull with soft music the day to rest.
But the thrushes sung
The woods among,
And sprang delighted from spray to spray ;
And the wild dove's coo
Breath'd rapture too,
On the lovely morn of that cloudless day.
Bright forms were seen
In the valleys green,
In robes of the rainbow hues array'd ;
As light and as fair
As their golden hair,
With which the young breeze of the morning play'd.
And their dance they took
On the dimpled brook,
As it sparkled, reflecting the solar ray,
Or check'd the hours,
As they swept the flow'rs,
In their jocund flight on that happy day.

And some were couch'd i' the bright hair-bell,
And some i' the vi'let blue,
And some were weaving coronets
O' the freshly-fallen dew ;
Whilst others, buoy'd on silv'ry clouds,
Their hov'ring forms display'd,
On this the birth-day morning
Of the Fairy Queen Nuzzade.

Curtain'd by the shady screen
Of the blushing Nussereen,^c
With whose flow'rs a fountain play'd,
All lonely sat a Peri maid.
Down her neck her tresses fell,
To her heaving bosom's swell,
In wavy light and wanton play,
Like amber streaks of opening day,
When they float o'er Alpine snow.
In her hand a silver bow
Was lightly held ;—her sapphire eyes
Were fix'd upon the cloudless skies ;
But, oh ! more beautiful than they,
Those eyes requir'd no borrow'd ray—
No sun, no moon, no starry gleams,
But sparkled in their own bright beams.

Her teeth of pearl, her eyes of fire,
Her lips—the lips of fond desire—
Tempting, enchanting to the view,
Like two young rose-leaves steep'd in dew ;
Her eye-brows arch ;—her ringlets bright ;
Her white breast heaving with delight ;
Her shape, in azure robes array'd,
Bespoke the Peri Queen Nuzzade.

The Fairy cast aside her bow,
And rais'd her bright harp from the ground ;
She bade the tide of music flow,
And swept the thrilling chords of sound.

Silence wav'd her wand, and all
Was still—the tumbling waterfall
Fell soundless down
The mountain brown ;
The breeze was still
On moor and hill ;
The lofty ood,^d
In silent mood,
Stood motionless,
In haughtiness ;

Hush'd was the hour,
Hush'd was the bow'r.

Couch'd side by side,
In beauty's pride,
Hid from the ray
Of garish day,
The fairies lay
Beneath the shade
By covert made
Of callum reed,^e
Or bright junjeed;^f
And not a sound
Was heard around;—
Hush'd was the hour,
Hush'd was the bow'r.

SONG OF THE PERI.

1.

“Oh! hasten, love, to my wild-rose bow'r,
Where countless sweets exhale,
Love breathes in every opening flow'r,
And lulls the fanning gale;
O'er land and sea
I roam'd for thee,

O'er billow, stream, and mountain ;
Then hither, hither, come to me,
And rest thee by the fountain.

2.

" 'Tis my birth-day morn, and the Peri world
In breathless bliss lies bound ;
My airy elves have their pinions furl'd,
And quiet reigns around ;
O'er land and sea
I roam'd for thee,
O'er billow, stream, and mountain ;
Then hither, hither, come to me,
And rest thee by the fountain."

She ceased her song ; and swift there came,
Across that valley fair,
A hot and withering blast of flame—
And fierce Kohanna's dreaded name
Resounded thro' the air.
And the white fire drank the morning dew,
And wither'd every flower ;
And the startling shrieks of the Genii flew,
Like the sea-bird's scream, all wildly thro'
Her lone and lovely bower.

Dark mists obscur'd the morning's eye,
 'The tempest roll'd aloud,
The lightning flash'd unceasingly,
And the eagles *fell*—they could not *fly*,
 From the fierce and fiery cloud.

Unmov'd by the surrounding storm,
A dense dark cloud, of threat'ning form,
 Held on its steady course ;
A brilliant glory round it play'd,
Which the bright and ceaseless lightnings made,
 While the thunder-peal grew hoarse.
On, on it came—an ebon shield,
Such as Azazil's^g arm might wield,
 When, hurl'd from realms of bliss,
Defying heaven and his God,
He, with his fallen legions, trod
 The fiery abyss.
It paus'd above the spot where laid,
In terror bound, the Peri maid,
 Trembling as tho' accurst ;
Then, with a shock beyond compare,
'That shook all ocean, earth, and air,
 The magic horror burst !

A thousand forked flashes flew,
Of varied dyes—white, red, and blue,
From out that dreadful cloud ;
And fierce Kohanna, fell and dire,
Descending in his car of fire,
Thus, scornful, spoke aloud :

“ From my home in the desert,
Where no flow’r e’er springs,
Where no bird ever caroll’d,
Or wav’d its bright wings—
Where the death-shrub^h impregnates
With poison the air,
Which blasts all it blows on,
And murmurs despair—
Where the whirlwinds spring up
And the sand columns rise
In terrific array,
From the earth to the skies ;—
From my horror-bound home,
In the blue mountain’s base,
I have come, I have come,
Thy fair birth-day to grace.
I come not to woo thee
With homage and smiles,

I come not to woo thee
 With mortal-like wiles ;
 But I come with the glory
 Of pow'r on my brow,
 With storm-clouds around me,
 And spirits that bow.
 Earth trembles beneath me,
 The green herbage dies,
 The day-star is darken'd,
 And hid from thine eyes ;
 Thy subjects are scatter'd
 Thro' regions of space,
 And the wreck of thy glory
 No Peri can trace !
 What once I crav'd, I now demand,
 Thy Peri heart, thy Peri hand ;
 Say, shall I hope?—for I can be
 A friend, or fearful foe to thee."

As, in the west, the setting sun oft glows,
 Thro' many a dark, o'erhanging, stormy cloud,
 And o'er the world its dying lustre throws,
 Tho' darkness strives its beauty to enshroud—
 So stood the Peri, 'midst the spell
 Which magic pow'r had rais'd from hell ;

Her female terrors cast aside,
Radiant she stood, in beauty's pride,
And threw upon her foe a glance
Of with'ring pow'r—who turn'd askance,
Unable to withstand the blaze
That brighten'd in her scornful gaze.

“ Hope ! surely, hope.—Now hence, begone !
Thou hast thy wish, thou mighty one.
I give thee hope—and such as may
Make thy heart sicken at its ray ;
For in thy dark and gloomy soul
Wild passion reigns without control.
Never did pity dim thine eyes
For Peri's pangs, or Peri's sighs.—
But I forget—thou fain would'st hope ;
Hope on—and thus I give thee scope
For the deluding fantasy.
Now upward turn thy flashing eye—

“ By the sky thy spell obscureth,
By the hell thy soul endureth,
By the earth thy foot hath blighted,
By the clouds thyself ignited ;

By the wanderer's guard and guide,ⁱ
By the toopas' branches wide ;^k
By the holy Brahmin's bedes,
By the life that virtue leads ;
By Khizzer's bright and holy fount ;^l
By Toor,^m that high and blessed mount ;
By the Kaaba's sacred walls,ⁿ
By Allah's silver waterfalls—
When Virtue spurns me from her shrine,
Then, dark Magician, I'll be thine.
Hear my vow, and gaze around.
By the flow'r-teeming ground,
Which new life and bloom displays ;
And by Chrishna's^o golden rays,
Brightly streaming thro' the gloom ;
By the odour of perfume,
Issuing from ev'ry tree,
(Beautiful, unscath'd and free,)
Where, so late thy hated pow'r
Wither'd blossom, branch, and bow'r ;
By the valley's look of pride,
More lovely, since revived ;
By the circling forms that now
Hover on the mountain's brow,

And by the breaking of thy spell,
Which now is broken—Fare thee well.”

Joyous, bounding, light and gay,
Free as air, she fled away ;
While the fierce Kohanna stood
Like the dæmon of the wood,
Whose pendant, dark, and gloomy boughs
Made darker his revengeful brows.

“ Curs’d be thy smile, thou scornful fair—
Curs’d be thy footfall—curs’d the air
On which thou tread’st as on a rock—
And curs’d thy laughing elves, who mock
My wild and impotent despair—
Curse the frail charm I thought so rare.
Jaun ! Jaun !^p I summon thee—appear !”

As the magician spoke aloud,
An amphitheatre of cloud,
Impenetrable to the eye,
Sprang upward, shutting out the sky !
The lightnings flew incessantly
Thro’ its terrific density.

Blue streams of fire burst from the ground,
And, bubbling, ran in circles round ;
Hoarse laughter rang upon the breeze,
Death-shrieks were heard among the trees,
And horrid forms began to flit
From bough to branch—the rocks were split,
And toppled from the trembling base ;
And all that blighted cloud-wrapt place
Shudder'd beneath the Eblis^a pow'r,
Which rul'd that dark unhallow'd hour.
The scorch'd earth yawn'd—and, gazing down,
Kohanna view'd a golden throne :
Upon it sat the Genii King,
And round him stood the damned ring
Of shrieking souls condemned by God,
Obedient to his dreaded nod.
Serpents of brightest colours play'd
Amid his sun-red locks, and made
Fantastic coronets, to deck
His dæmon brows, or down his neck,
In mazy folds, they lay supine,
Mingling amid his ringlets' shine.
Screams, wild and thrilling, rent the drear
And fiery vault, both far and near ;

But, high above the hellish roar,
Did Jaun's terrific accents soar.

“ Kohanna, speak not—for I know
Thy wish.—Swift climb the mountain's brow,
Further than uncharm'd eye can reach—
Upon the far-extending beach,
Thou'lt see a form of beauty stand,
All glowing, on the golden sand—
Secure him with thy potent spell,^r
And the proud Peri's thine.—Farewell !”

The chasm closed, and a wild yell
Of laughter shook the mimic hell.

CANTO THE SECOND.

A Peri once, by high command,
Was banish'd from her native land,
For broken vows too rashly plighted,
And, like the Gul Peadeh,^a blighted;
Torn from its parent stem, at last
Became the sport of every blast ;
Till, by rude tempests wafted o'er,
She rested on the Cyprian shore.
There, beside that sacred fountain,^b
 Where Love's pure waters ever spring,
Shadow'd by the lofty mountain,
 And shelter'd by an angel's wing,
Zohara to a son gave birth,
The fairest, brightest child of earth ;
And, bathing him with Love's own light,
To the pure skies she took her flight.

Attended by the circling hours,
 Reclining amid sweets and bloom,
 His baby eye first dwelt on flow'rs,
 His baby lips first breath'd perfume.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Time floated on—and as he grew
 To Peri prime, soft visions threw
 Their spells around him, charm'd his dreams
 With glowing hopes, and golden gleams
 Of other lands, of gardens fair,
 And forms of beauty bright and rare !
 But, as high mosques and temples rear
 Their haughty heads, and lakes appear,
 Breaking upon the pilgrim's sight,
 Who paced the desert thro' the night,
 Then vanish from his eager gaze,
 Leaving his senses in a maze
 Of wonder and of grief—those dreams
 Faded before the morning's beams !
 And, waken'd from the dear deceit,
 He wept the loss of scenes so sweet.

But once, as, couch'd on rose-leaves, lay
 This lovely tho' deserted Fay,

Musing upon his hapless fate,
And gazing toward the eastern gate
Of those bright skies, where, after this
Frail life, the spirit mounts to bliss—
A soft and snowy hand was laid
On his, and he beheld a maid,
More beautiful than e'er was given
By earth to deck the Prophet's heaven.
Entranc'd with rapture and surprize,
He spoke not, but his love-lit eyes
Look'd more than language could express ;
Oh, 'twas a glance of happiness,
Such as is seen in eyes divine,
When first on Alla's halls they shine.

One parting look alone she gave,
And bade him follow o'er the wave ;
Then, swifter than a sea-bird's flight,
She skimm'd along the waters bright !
Eager he follow'd o'er the main,
Striving to check her flight in vain ;
To meteor-speed her motion grew,
And soon she vanished from his view.

Still follow'd he, with flying haste,
Along the wide and liquid waste,
Drinking the music of her song,
Which watchful zephyrs swept along.

“ Follow, follow, follow me,
O'er the deep and trackless sea ;
I will lead thee through the night,
Where the sea-star^d sheds its light,
If thou'lt follow, follow me,
O'er the deep and trackless sea.

“ Thou shalt tell me tales of pleasure,
I'll give thee Oronte's treasure,^e
Dive for pearls in Oman's^f ocean,
And fill thy breast with Love's emotion,
If thou'lt follow, follow me,
O'er the deep and swelling sea.

“ I will lead thee by the hand
To the groves of Iran's land,^g
To my valley of the streams,
Watch thy slumbers, charm thy dreams,

If thou'lt follow, follow me,
O'er the deep and rolling sea."

'Twas morn—the sun's meridian beams
Had pierc'd the depths of ocean's streams,
When on the beach the Fairy stood,
Gazing upon the Caspian flood.
His locks were like the raven's wing,
Black, glossy, lustrous—and a ring
Of Indian gems was sparkling bright
Upon his forehead fair and white—
Whilst some, like night-stars, here and there
Peep'd thro' the mazes of his hair ;
His tunic was of Tyrian dye,
Embroider'd with the diamond-fly ; *
Hung round his neck profusely were
Chains of the silver gossamer ;
His feet embroider'd sandals wore,
And in his hand a wand he bore.

Far o'er the liquid waste he cast
His searching glance—and smil'd to see

* A beetle, so called—found in South America.

'The white sails swelling from the mast,
The floating pennants gay and free,
Borne on the morning breeze ; yet when
He heard the whistling of the men,
Wooing the winds to waft along
Their gallant bark—or caught their song,
As, echoing o'er the surface clear,
It stole upon his list'ning ear—
He sigh'd to think what tempests might
O'ertake that gallant crew e'er night,
Who, now so happy, on the main
Might never sing blithe song again ;
Then turn'd him to that smiling earth,
Which gave his Peri parent birth ;
The lily, pink, and daffodil,
Blue lotus-flower,^h and wild jonquil,
Ranunculus, and jessamine,
The shumblead, and the eglantine,
The gulsadbeck,ⁱ and nergus^k vain,
Were widely spread o'er hill and plain.
“ Rich land,” he cried, “ all free and wild !
I come to thee, a truant child,
From my own native shore—a wide
And boist'rous host of billows ride

Between us now ; and my strain'd eyes
In vain may o'er the envious deep
Gaze for its wave-worn cliffs to rise
Upon their view ;—yet sighs will sweep
Their pathway thro' my grateful lips,
When Fancy her bright pinion dips
In the sea-wave, and, with a smile
Of gladness, seeks my native isle.—
Queen of my soul, my Peri maid !
Upon the night-winds have I stray'd—
Like the sea-mew, untir'd and free,
By Love inspir'd—pursuing thee !
Once, and once only, did I rest
Upon a glassy billow's breast,
When, from ocean's deepest cells,
Sea-nymphs issued from their shells—
Sao, with her laughing eyes,
Gaily claim'd me for her prize ;
Opis, with her bright green hair
Streaming down her bosom fair,
Wav'd me to a coral grove,
Vainly wooing me to love ;
But Nereus, with angry motion,
Struck his broad trident on the ocean,

Then rose the waves with fearful swells,
White as the spring-tide foam of hell's
Terrific river :—swiftly fled
The Nereids to their wat'ry bed ;
Whilst I, upon a *petrel's wing,
A lightsome, gay, and happy thing,
Brush'd each snow-cap'd billow's head,
And tow'rd thy blooming valley sped.

“ The winds were let loose from the kingdom of storms,¹
Whose monarch the fair face of Nature deforms ;
O'er the dark glassy billows a chariot was driv'n
By the Son of the Dawn,^m from the north gates of heav'n ;
Twelve bright foaming coursers ⁿ (his offspring) obey'd
The lash of their sire, as they snorted and neigh'd,
And rush'd o'er the sea, like the swift lightning's flash,
Untouch'd by a spray from the hoarse billows' splash.

“ I saw a lone bark hoist her lights of distress,
As she rock'd on the watery wilderness ;
Her foremast had gone by the board—and she roll'd,
With her oaken ribs shatter'd, still stately and bold :

* Bird of the Storm.

The boatswain's pipe pierc'd thro' the terrible drear,
And the wildly-shrill whistle astounded mine ear.
“ Now strike the main-topmast,” the bold captain cried ;
And the *fierce lightnings* struck it—then over the side
Of the labouring vessel it swung, with a crash,
And was lost in the weltering billows' splash.
Her bow-sprit was crush'd by a Triton-slave,
Whom the gallant ship clove, as she sank to her grave.

“ The yell of despair died away o'er the sea,
But the winds whistled on, and the waves roll'd free.

“ Long before the dawn had blush'd,
Winds and waves were calm and hush'd,
And the mirror'd ocean's breast,
Like infant childhood sank to rest.
Millions of sea-born stars° peep'd forth
From east to west, from south to north,
Out o' the dark and tranquil blue
Of the wide Caspian deep, and threw
A light, more dazzling to the eye
Than the night-lamps of the sky.
But when Aurora's streaky light
Peep'd thro' the eastern windows bright,

And ting'd the ocean with its blush,
The stars became convolvulus,^r
And the wide waste seem'd strewn with show'rs
Of lovely blue and fadeless flow'r's ;
And over them my light steps flew,
As on me fell the gentle dew
Of morning—till, with wishes bland,
I leap'd upon this spangled sand.
Then, sweet, where art thou ?—tell me true ;
Oh, answer thy loved Mujenou !”

Soft voices whisper'd in the air,
“ Mujenou, beware, beware,
Birds are singing,
Boughs are swinging,
In the noon's breath, fair and gay ;
And the flashing,
Anger-dashing
Billows have roll'd far away.
Waves are sleeping,
Zephyrs sweeping
O'er the hill-tops cheerfully ;
Not a flower
Of the bower
Droops its fair head tearfully.

“ But, above thee and around thee,
Soon will frightful forms astound thee ;
Then be brave, be true, and loyal,
Prove thyself both great and royal ;
Let not angry words affright thee,
Stormy breath will never blight thee ;
Let not atramental skies
Dim the lustre of thine eyes,
Nor the magic fetters’ smart
Damp the courage of thy heart.
Tho’ the earthquakes split asunder
Rocks and mountains, check thy wonder—
Tho’ the hurricanes may tear
And whirl bole, branch, and roots in air
Of the deeply-rooted pine—
Still no terror must be thine.
Fear not the tornado’s shock,
Nor the pestilent siroc,¹
But be fearless, firm, and true,
For thy mistress, Mujenou !”

Scarcely was the warning breath’d,
When a winged serpent wreath’d
Its bright and scaly folds around
The fairy king—who, magic bound,

Stood powerless : aloft in air
The soaring reptile bore his fair
And tortur'd burthen ;—higher, higher,
To the skies approaching nigher,
Up they labour'd, far above
The limits of the bird of Jove ;
The serpent then his coil unbound,
And hurl'd his burthen to the ground.
Senseless upon the beach he lay,
Of fairy lands the fairest Fay.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The Gheber's god had sunk to rest^a
In the dark chambers of the west ;
The mountain-tops look'd dim and drear,
High swelling in the evening air ;
And holy Silence held her reign
O'er verdant hill and desert plain.

But, in the breast of Mujenou,
Embattled feelings, wild and new,
Rose and fell tumultuously
Struggling for supremacy.
Chain'd upon a loathsome bed
Of writhing vipers, with his head
Pillow'd on a speckled toad,
He gazed upon his dim abode ;
And ever as, from time to time,
He turn'd his head, the poison'd slime

Of the reptile, crush'd and weak,
Oozed upon his faded check.
The spectre-bat rush'd thro' the drear
And gloom-wrapt vault, while distant, near,
Above, below, on either side,
Thickly extending, far and wide,
Snakes, beetles, lizards crawl'd about,
In one undeviating rout ;
And ever, round the fairy-king,
They form'd a black and moving ring.
In vain did hapless Mujenou
To Taccoïn^b or Peri sue ;
Nought could break the spell of pow'r—
Evil spirits rul'd the hour.

As he upwards cast his look,
Fear at first his senses shook ;
In his high and fatal ring
Did a lonely spider swing—
'Twas a native of Katschan,^c
Foe alike to fay and man.
Round and round his silky snare
Mov'd the insect :—big with care,
The Fairy mark'd the creature stop,
Beheld the dreadful crystal-drop,

Bright and fatal, trembling o'er
His brow—and yet the poison'd store
Fell not ; but still round and round
The spider stalk'd, with threat'ning sound.
Black giant-ants, whose painful bite
Tortur'd the captive, like a blight
Seizing upon some beauteous flow'r,
Prey'd on his languid frame ;—a show'r
Of venom'd worms fell from the roof,
Around his head, nor kept aloof,
But with his dark and silken hair
Entwin'd their slimy folds—Despair
Hover'd aroud his beating breast.—
He shriek'd aloud, and pray'd for rest.

Like a whirlpool, round and round
Eddying, with fearful sound,
Black and terrible to see,
Flew the deadly Akabee ;^d
Its cloven head expanding wide,
Its tail high tost, in daring pride ;
Its body arm'd with scaly rings
Of ebon hue—its web-like wings—
The milky poison, which around
It scatter'd on the loathsome ground,

Made him shudder, with affright,
As it shot before his sight ;
For, where'er the poison fell,
Flew the darts of Azrael.^e
Awful silence reign'd within
The dark and loathsome cave of Sin,
Save the spider's ceaseless tick :
Disgusting vapours, dank and thick,
Rose from the putrescent dead :
The Fairy rais'd his beauteous head—
The poison'd drop fell on his cheek—
The cavern echo'd to his shriek ;
He rav'd—fierce madness scorch'd his brain,
And triumph'd in the victim's pain.
The troubled earth around him fell
Ten thousand fathoms, and a hell
Of flames, extending far and wide,
Burst threat'ning up on every side.
Grim spectres fill'd him with dismay,
Encircling him, as bound he lay
Upon his tott'ring pedestal—
An angel looking down on hell !

The cavern's roof was rent in two--
And the bewilder'd Mujenou,

Shudd'ring as he rais'd his eye,
Beheld his dæmon enemy.

Kohanna gazed upon his foe,
And pointed to the gulph below—
“ Behold,” he cried, “ and dread my pow'r !
Ere the spirit of the hour,
Who now plumes his rosy wing—
(Hear, and mark me, fairy king)—
Ere that trembling child of Time
Glances on the daring crime
My senses meditate—beware,
And urge me not to fell despair.

“ The storm is up,
The hour is nigh ;
The dæmons yell
Tumultuously ;
The burning stream
Rolls bubbling on,
Expecting thee,
Devoted one !
Tremble, tremble,
Look around,

View the horrors
That abound.

“ See the damned
Spirits scatter’d
Hither, thither,
Scorch’d and shatter’d ;
See those black’ned
Forms advancing,
Waving torches,
Shrieking, dancing ;
Tremble, tremble,
Fate has found thee—
View the horrors
That surround thee.

“ Louder, louder
Than the thunder,
Flames are roaring—
Gaze, and wonder !
Now the pillar
Shakes beneath thee ;
Now the circling
Fires enwreath thee !

Tremble, tremble,
 Fiends astound thee—
See the horrors
 That surround thee.

“ But a minute
 Still is left thee,
Ere of life I
 Have bereft thee ;
This instant swear
 To yield to me
The fairy-queen,
 And thou art free.
Tremble, tremble,
 Hell hath found thee—
Dread the horrors
 That surround thee,

“ This moment gone,
 All hope is past—
Refuse me, and
 It is thy last :
But swear before
 The morn shall smile,

That thou wilt seek
Thy native isle,
And no longer .
Will I wound thee,
With the horrors
That surround thee.”

Up rose the fairy from his bed
Of pain and sorrow—o’er his head
A holy glory seem’d to play,
And firm he stood in fair array ;
His eye grew bright, his speech was clear,
His breast no longer throb’d with fear :
“ Kohanna, I defy thy might,
For sleepless angels guard this night.
And oh, Nuzzade ! my bliss-born queen !
Though years of torment intervene,
For ever faithful will I prove
To innocence and thee, sweet love !”

The column, like an ague, shook—
But calm remain’d the fairy’s look ;
A portion of it soon gave way—
Still firm and fearless stood the fay ;

It totter'd—tumbled down to hell ;
The fairy *rose*--Kohanna *fell* !

Upon a mountain's lofty head,
Stood Mujenou—around were spread,
Far extending, desert plains,
Where the lonely ostrich reigns
Monarch of the wilderness ;
And ever and anon he'd press
His hand upon his throbbing brow :
He had been rescued—true, but how ?
By whom ?—no matter, he was free,
And breath'd the air of liberty.
He started—voices struck his ear,
Sometime distant, sometime near—
“ Gentle spirits,” cried the fay,
“ Guide me on my lonely way—
Lead me to the vale of streams,
By the light of Leila's beams—
Lead to where my queen doth sigh,
Nor leave me here to droop and die.”

Lightly tripping,
Bounding skipping,
Upon light and flying feet ;

Dancing fleetly,
Singing sweetly
Their enchanting *ziraleet* ;¹
Came each fairy,
Bright and airy,
As a rain-bow of the sky,
When it towers
Mid the showers
That are shed from April's eye.

SONG OF THE GENII.

“ Arise, arise, young Mujenou ! our mistress waits for
thee,
In the valley of the fountains, bright and beautiful to see ;
The streams are leaping merrily adown the mountain's
side,
And glitt'ring in the moon-beams, as they journey in their
pride.

“ A thousand harps enchanting sound throughout that
valley fair,
And viewless sprites are singing on the bosom of the air ;
Thy mistress listens for thy step, in bridal robes array'd,
Then hasten, hasten, Mujenou, to bless thy fair Nuzzade.

“ Bound on, bound on, o’er mountain-tops, and o’er the
desert’s sand ;

The evil ones are scatter’d wide—thy rapture is at
hand ;

Then swiftly speed thee, fairy prince, o’er hills and valleys
green,

For, Mujenou, we lead thee to the bower of our queen.

“ Behold the light which breaketh o’er the blue horizon’s
line,

It rises from the vale of joy, and seems all but divine ;

The fiends of night have low’ring fled, mistaking it for
day,

And to the western billows wend their dark and cheerless
way.

“ Away, away !—we speed along, from evil powers
free,

Our bright eyes sparkling thro’ the night, our bosoms full
of glee ;

Then lightly trip o’er flow’ry fields, and thro’ the forests
wide,

With beating rapture in thy breast, and Peris by thy
side ”

The fairy paus'd—the perfum'd breeze
Swept lightly thro' the citron trees,
As the soft breath that blows upon
The sacred wood of Lebanon.^s
No sound, save of the nightingale,
Low chanting, in the woodland vale,
Its vesper music to the sky,
In wildly mournful melody,
 Stole upon the listening ear :
The starry host that beam on high,
And in the depths of ether lie,
Never to the gazer's sight,
Thro' the purple blush of night,
 So brightly beauteous did appear.

Like a mountain-stag,
From crag to crag
Did the torrents leap and flow ;
Or, like silver snakes,
Wound thro' the brakes
Of the valley far below.

The love-breathing tree,^h
So enchanting to see,

Wav'd its flowers of scarlet hue ;
And their odours fell,
Like a lovely spell,
On the senses of Mujenou.

And its bright leaves swung
In the air, or hung
Softly kissing the shadow'd stream,
As it glided by
So silently,
Screen'd from the lunar beam.

The richest flower
Of Nature's bower,
The durukti ubrishoom,ⁱ
Wav'd in the light
Its blossom's white,
As it scatter'd its perfume.

And close beside,
In regal pride,
The giant nasteraun,^k
In beauty stood,
Of all the wood
Th' imperial sultaun.

The bunnuffsheh,
Sunnobia,
The argwaun and shunblead,
The sosun fair,
The ubber rare,
Were blooming o'er the mead.

As the fairy stood in wonder,
Rocks and mountains burst asunder,
Trees divided—flowers expanded,
And their living stores disbanded ;
And the vale where late the lonely
Undaleeb* was chanting only,
Echo'd with the sounds of glee,
And bewitching minstrelsy.
With eager joy and throbbing breast.
The Peri left her couch of rest ;
Her perfect form the lover knew,
And, breeze-like, down the mountain flew.

The jewell'd khulkaul¹ glitter'd on her ankles white and
bare,
And a fillet, form'd of amethysts, confin'd her golden hair ;

* A species of nightingale.

Her benise, blue as heaven's veil, with pearls was
 broider'd o'er,
And a pellucid barracan of purest white she wore.
A belt of richest diamonds embrac'd her slender waist—
Naceda never look'd so fair, nor Leila half so chaste.^m
The Peris for a moment gazed upon each other's face—
The next beheld them folded in the mutual embrace.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO THE FIRST.

^a " While the Giran stood."

Giran, a species of deer.

^b " Though the bulbul's voice."

Bulbul, the nightingale.

^c " Curtain'd by the shady screen
Of the blushing *Nuzzereen*,"

The *Nuzzereen*, the wild rose.

^d " The lofty ood."

The ood, a wood of aloes

^e " Beneath the shade
Of callum reed."

Callum, the Egyptian reed, of which the Orientals make pens. It grows to a great length in joints, like the cane—hence the Latin word *calamus*.

^f " Or bright zunjeed."

The zunjeed is a species of willow—the leaves are of a silvery hue.

and the flowers, which are of a deep scarlet, send forth a most delicious perfume.—See *Keppel's Personal Narrative*, vol. ii.

^e “ Such as Azazil's arm might wield.”

Azazil, the devil.

^h “ Where the death-shrub impregnates
With poison the air.”

Galbud-samur, poisoner of the winds—a shrub found in the deserts of Caramania, supposed by some to be the occasion of those noxious winds that blow in that province during the hot season.

ⁱ “ By the wanderer's *guard* and *guide*.”

Khizzer, a prophet mentioned in the Koran, whom some of the Mussulmanns say was Phineas, some Elias, and some St. George of England—he is said to have drank the waters of immortality. Oriental romance frequently introduces him, as appearing to assist the benighted and bewildered traveller.

^j “ By the toopa's branches wide.”

In the Mussulmanns' account of Paradise, they speak of this tree bearing the fruit of bliss.

^k “ By the holy Brahmin's *bedes*.”

Bedes, the scriptures of the Brahmins.

^l “ By Khizzer's bright and holy *fount*.”

The fountain of the waters of immortality.

^m “ By *Toor*, that high and blessed mount.”

Toor, the mountain on which Moses saw the burning bush.—Toor is the Persian name for Mount Horeb.

ⁿ “ By the Kaaba’s sacred walls.”

Kaaba, temple of Mecca.

^o “ And by Crishna’s golden rays.”

Crishna, the Indian Apollo.

^p “ Jaun ! Jaun ! I summon thee—appear.”

Jaun, chief of the Evil Genii.

^q “ Shudder’d beneath the Eblis pow’r.”

Eblis, the Devil.

^r “ Secure him with thy potent spell,
And the proud Peri’s thine—Farewell.”

Peris are supposed to be brought into the power of mortals by means of charms and spells.

NOTES TO CANTO THE SECOND.

^a “ And like the *Gul Peadeh* blighted.”

It signifies walking rose or flower—perhaps the sensitive plant.

^b “ There, beside the sacred fountain.”

“ In the Island of Cyprus are two famous fountains, near to Cape St. Epiphany, one of which is called the amorous fountain, because those who drink of its waters grow passionately in love ; and the other quite the contrary, because it extinguishes this passion in a moment.”
Jerom Dandini.

^c “ Leaving his senses in a maze
Of wonder and of grief.”

“ Being without a guide, we took the path which appeared to lead to a large town: here we thought we could distinctly see the trees, the domes of the mosques, and the bastions of the walls ; but after proceeding in the same direction for nearly three miles, it vanished, and we now discovered that we had been led astray by the curious optical delusion, so common in the East, called the *Saharaub*, literally, ‘ water of the desert.’ ”—*Kepple's Narrative.*

^d “ Where the sea-star sheds its light,”

“ One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulph is a fish,

which the English call star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon, surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Tales*.

c "I'll give thee Orontes' treasure."

"The Orontes is celebrated all over the East for its natural as well as supernatural properties. Many of the natives told us, that there were several ores of gold and silver in the mountain, but that no one would work them, as the produce of their labours would go either to the King or the Prince-Governor of Hamadan. Its vegetable productions are, as I said before, so good, that people from every country come to gather them; and the belief is general here, that there is a certain grass which has the power of changing every metal into gold; added to which the mountain is supposed to contain that long-sought object of cupidity, *The Philosopher's-stone*."

f "Dive for pearls in Oman's ocean."

The Persian Gulph, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

g "To the groves of Iran's land."

Iran is the ancient name of Persia.

h "Blue lotus-flower and wild jonquil."

Lotus, the blue water-lily, which grows in great luxuriance in the East.

i k "The gulsadbec and nergus vain."

The gulsadbec, or rose of an hundred leaves.—The nergus, or Narcissus, which, in Eastern poetry, is said to be always on the gaze—taken, doubtless from the fable of the transformation.

l "The winds were let loose from the kingdom of storms."

"Æolia, seven islands between Sicily and Italy—they were the re-

treat of the winds; and Virgil calls them Æolia, and the kingdom of Æolus, the god of storms and wind.”—*Lempriere*.

^m “ By the son of the dawn, from the north gates of heav’n.”

Boreas, son of Astræus and Aurora.

ⁿ “ Twelve bright winged coursers (his offspring) obey’d

^o The lash of their sire.”——

“ Boreas turned himself into a horse, to unite himself with the mares of Dardanus, by which he had twelve mares, so swift, that they ran, or rather flew, over the sea, without scarce wetting their feet.”—*J. Lampriere*.

^o “ Millions of sea-born stars peep’d forth.”

“ The sea was covered with a vast quantity of luminous blubber—the molusca of the medusa species. It is sometimes of a scarlet colour—that which we saw was blue, and resembled the convolvulus. At night it gave the sea the appearance of liquid fire. This is a constant indication of an approach to the Persian shore.”

^p “ The stars became convolvulus.”

See preceding Note.

^q “ Nor the pestilent siroc.”

Poisonous wind of the desert.

NOTES TO CANTO THE THIRD.

^a "The Gheber's god had sunk to rest."

"The doctrine of Zoroaster was, that there was an infinite and all-powerful being, to whom the early Persians were taught to pay their devotions. As so simple a doctrine could not long satisfy the corrupt nature of man, *the sun*, as the brightest emblem, and subsequently fire, were allowed to be worshipped, as symbols of the Divinity. It was not, however, until the appearance of a second Zoroaster, that temples were adopted; but even then they were of the simplest structure—roofs, walls, or pillars, were strictly forbidden in these edifices." *Kepple's Personal Narrative*, p. 218.

^b "In vain did helpless Mujenou,
To *Tacoïn* or Peri sue."

Tacoïn, the Fates.

^c "It was a native of Katschan."

"The body of this spider is spotted, under two inches round. It feeds on wormwood, and does not emit its poison by stinging or biting, but by letting it fall like a drop of water. It occasions insupportable pain in the part where it fastens."—*See Travels of the Holstein Ambassadors through Persia*.

^d “ Black and terrible to see,
Flew the deadly *akrabee*.”

“ The most remarkable creature was, however, a large black scorpion, called in Arabic *akrabee*: it was about two inches in length, the first inch forming its head, breast, and legs, and I think its wings, though I did not see them opened: and the last inch being occupied by a soft ringed body or tail, of a third of an inch in thickness. When touched by a stick, it seemed to divide its head into two parts, the cleft between, forming to all appearance its mouth, presented a surface covered with brown and stiff hairs, like so many darts, and with these it made great efforts to touch the offending substance. While its head and breast lay thus flat upon the ground, in the natural position of its motion, its body or thick tail, forming half its entire length, was cocked in the air at right angles with the other part before it, which seemed to be its head. This body or tail, so elevated, was ringed and scaled like the tail of a lobster, but ended abruptly, as if a piece had been cut off from the trunk. In the centre of this flattened termination was a small tube, through which it emitted its venom, of a milky white; and when teased, it expanded its large mouth, waved its heavy tail in the air, and sent forth momentary emissions of its poison. Its bite or sting was said to be generally productive of death.”—*Buckingham's Travels*, Vol. I. p. 248.

^e “ But where'er the poison fell,
Flew the darts of *Azrael*,”

Azrael, the angel of death.

^f “ Their enchanting *ziraleet*.”

The *ziraleet* is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.

g "The sacred wood of Lebanon."

The cedars of Lebanon were said to be planted by God himself.

h "The love-breathing tree,

So enchanting to see."

"The zamjeed is viewed with a jealous eye by the Persians, from a belief that it has a strong tendency to excite the passions of the females who are locked up during the time it is in blow."—*Kepple's Narrative*.

i "The darukti ubrishoom."

"A species of mimosa, resembling the aborea of that genus. It droops like the willow, the flower has silky fibres of a delicate pink colour, and would resemble a swan's down puff, tinged with rouge. It sends forth a most fragrant perfume—and its name, *darukti ubrishoom*, 'the silk-tree,' bespeaks its appearance."—*The same*.

k "The giant nasteraun."

"The nasteraun is a large rose-tree; it grows to the height of twenty feet—the trunk is nearly two feet in circumference."—*The same*.

l "The jewell'd kulkaul glitter'd on her ankles white and bare."

The khulkaul is a bracelet worn round the lower part of the leg, just above the ankles.

m "Naceda never look'd so fair, nor Leila half so chaste."

Naceda, Venus—*Leila*, the Moon.



MINOR POEMS.



MINOR POEMS.

THE MISANTHROPE.

I knew him at that time, when boyish hope
Looks forward in wild dreams ;—he was a fair
And unsophisticated child of earth ;
One of those spirits, which the wing of joy
Brush'd with its lightest feather—and he seem'd
A being born for an ideal world
More than for gross substantiality.
His heart was unsuspecting and sincere,
Open and kind—and his free hand
Shower'd bounty upon all, as morning sheds
Its dew-drops on the flow'ret and the weed.
He wish'd for happiness, and falsely thought
To bind the goddess closer to his breast,

By spreading her fond influence around.
Poor youth !—he rais'd an altar to her name,
And worshipp'd her as the belov'd of heav'n ;
He deck'd it with bright flow'rs, and on it plac'd
Two statues—both were beautiful ; but one
Seem'd to excel the art of human hands,
So exquisitely shap'd—so fair—so matchless ;
Like some heav'n-moulded and protected form,
To which a bright star had but just giv'n birth :
Around her waist the youth's fond arms were clasp'd,
Into whose eyes she threw her twilight look
Of tenderness, while, with a gentle hand,
She rais'd the golden ringlets from his brow,
That shadow'd half the beauty of his face ;—
LOVE hover'd o'er their heads—on either side,
FRIENDSHIP and TRUTH were seen ; while just beneath,
HOPE, as the emblem of his soul, appear'd,
Upon a chrystal pedestal of light,
Carv'd into countless rays, and her blue wings
Were broadly spread to reach the blissful group,
On whom her ardent gaze was rivited.
The fancy pleased him—and he glided from
The noisy mirth of wine-cup revellers,
To muse in secret at that much-lov'd shrine.

We parted.—Time pass'd on, and I return'd.
He was not that he had been :—there was still
The full dark eye—the smooth and open brow ;
The smile of true benevolence still play'd
Around his lips : but over all was spread
A shadow—like a light and new-form'd cloud
Seen in the mirror'd ocean.—
I traced him to his haunt—and there I found
The hand of FRIENDSHIP broken ; and the brow
Of TRUTH was overhung with cypress boughs.
I turn'd mine eyes away.—Alas ! thought I,
And keep'st thou thus the record of life's ills ?
Deluded man !—the time, I fear, may come,
When all that work of youthful fancy will
Be overturn'd, defaced, and broken, like
False Friendship's hand !——

We parted—years roll'd by, and I return'd.
The scene was changed : in the gay festal hall,
Where once the sparkling chalice circled round,
And laughter-loving revelry held sway—
Where music sounded, beauty smil'd, and Love
Sent his wild arrows from delighted eyes,
Grim desolation now in darkness reign'd !

For ten long years no human step had waked
The slumb'ring echoes of that silent hall.

The owner of the mansion stood alone
In the once-lovely garden : but, alas !
Where was its beauty now ?—The adder's-tongue,
The deadly nightshade, and wild thistle sprang,
Where the rose blossom'd and the sun-flower shone ;
The foul and noxious arrach rais'd its head,
And brambles trail'd on the neglected ground,
Where once the fairest flowers of nature flourish'd ;
Grass tufts deform'd the smooth and classic walks,
Branches of wither'd shrubs were strewn around ;
And not a bird there furl'd his downy-wing,
Save the lone owl, who sigh'd the night away,
Like a sad spirit over pleasure's grave.

* * * * *

Pale was the cheek of Edward—his dark hair
Was tinged with grey, and the o'erflowing tears,
As rivers, that have burst their bounding banks,
Strike out new channels, plough'd his once-fair face
With many a furrow ; and his sunken eye
Sent forth a comfortless and gloomy light,
Such light as steals thro' winter-fogs at ev'ning,

Upon the chill'd and toil-worn traveller,
Who views it melting into starless night,
Bleak, stormy, cold, and cheerless ! His thin hand
Return'd the clasp of mine with apathy.
He led me to his once-belov'd retreat—
Oh ! what a change was there !—I saw it first
Upon a summer's evening ; and each walk
Was arch'd above with flow'rs of every hue ;
Bright forms, with soundless steps, glided along,
Like fairies tripping on the moon-lit moss ;
Strains of rich music floated on the breeze ;
Wild shouts of laughter shook the aspen-leaves ;
Fantastic mirth and revelry were seen
In every gay alcove or flowery path ;
Gay uniforms and distant lands' costume
Roam'd gaily through the orange groves—and all
Was happiness.

The little temple stood
Beneath the shadow of a sycamore,
Whose broad leaves flutter'd in the silver light
Of the midsummer moon—wild passion-flowers
Entwin'd their tendrils round the lattices,
And the night-blowing ceres shed perfume

From its pale humid lips—young roses, red
 As those first dyed by the pure blood of beauty,
 Breath'd their rich fragrance on the gentle air,
 While "Love in Idleness" lay couch'd beneath.
 How changed the scene!—The temple stood alone
 In a deserted wilderness of ruin;
 The flowers, neglected, droop'd their heads and died;
 The sickening wild-vine, like an embracing plague,
 Clasp'd its too soon dilapidated walls;
 Hemlock and henbane poison'd the sweet air—
 And all was desolate. The door stood open—
 I enter'd first.—The altar was still there;
 But o'er the head of the fair youth there hung
 A willow bough—Where was his idol maid?

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

We parted—years roll'd by, and I return'd.
 The doors were closed—the windows barr'd—the walls
 Were high, and arm'd with pointed stones and glass.
 I spoke to some, who chanc'd to pass me by,
 Of my poor friend: but each man shook his head,
 As though his name had been forgotten long.
 One person only answer'd my demand:—

For five years had that castle's doors been clos'd—
 No human being dwelt within the walls,
 Save their unsocial master : peasants stood,
 And stared, and were astonish'd ; no one dared
 Encroach upon his solitude ;—yet each
 Form'd strange conjectures—wild, and feasible
 But to their own weak minds. No living foot
 Ventured to steal at nightfall by these walls ;—
 Strange noises startled the quick ear of darkness ;—
 The wolf's bark and the owl's shrill scream were heard
 At intervals—and all was still again.——

But, three nights since, a dreadful storm arose ;
 The castle-bell unloos'd its iron tongue ;
 Its deep-toned voice, borne on the rushing wind,
 Alarm'd the neighbourhood—until just now,
 Wild ceaseless howlings were distinctly heard,
 Such as at times are echo'd on the ear
 In the deep bosom of the Appenines.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Workmen were now assembled, and the doors
 Forced from their rusty hinges—one by one

They, groaning, fell ; the labourer stood still,
With superstitious terror, as the sound
Reverberated through the empty rooms,
And trembled in the darkness at the touch
Even of his fellow ;—till at last they came
To a more spacious hall. Upon the ground
Were strewn rich goblets of the purest gold,
Vases of alabaster, and dead fruits—
Festoons of wither'd flowers, that at the touch
Moulder'd to dust, were hung the walls around—
And faded wreaths of vine-leaves, mix'd with roses,
Were scatter'd over the deserted board.
All was the same as when I last beheld
That long-deserted spot. With heavy heart,
Slow step, and swimming eye, I went to seek
My early friend, in his accustomed haunt.
All was without the same—all changed within !
Upon the marble floor a human form
Lay stretch'd and motionless, and by his side
A gaunt and famish'd wolf was just expiring,
Whose greedy eyes sent forth a frightful glare ;
He strove to rise—and, in the effort—died !
HOPE from her chrystal pedestal was hurl'd,
And dashed in countless fragments on the floor ;

The ALTAR was o'erturn'd.—And what was he—
That wretched, rugged, prostrate, lifeless man?
Could that be Edward?—Edward!—even he.
That temple was his tomb!! * * * *

LAST TUESDAY.

As I sat, last Tuesday morning,
Beneath the welcome shade
Of the old elm-tree, in the garden-walk,
Looking toward the glade—

I heard the merry bells pealing
From the village church hard by ;
They told a tale of two youthful hearts,
With rapture beating high.

And, smiling in health and beauty,
Came tripping the happy bride —
White roses adorned her braided hair ;
The bridegroom was by her side.

She turn'd from his gaze her blushes,
And shelter'd her deep blue eye
'Neath its ivory lid, and silken lash
Of Love's own amber dye.

The bride-maid's follow'd after,
With innocent, joyous looks,
Where the bright soul shone like a moon-beam
That's reflected in the brooks.

And, behind the youthful party,
An aged pair were seen,
Trudging along, with laughing eyes,
The fresh and dewy green.

How I wish'd to join and mingle
With that fair and gladsome train,
But I turn'd with a sigh, and heavy heart
To my cottage door again.

And I sat last Tuesday evening
Beneath the old elm-tree,
As the sun was slowly descending
To the waving western sea.

The shepherd's pipe sounded sweetly
Along the distant vale,
And the plaintive voice of the cuckoo bird
Was heard over hill and dale.

But the death-bell's heavy tolling
Startled my watchful ear,
And the dismal sounds of its iron tongue
Were echoing far and near.

And presently, in white mourning,
There came two virgins fair ;
'Their tresses were loos'd from their silken bands,
And floated in the air.

I had seen these weeping maidens
That morning pass me by ;
But where was the bride with the golden hair,
And the sapphire-beaming eye ?

There pass'd me a simple coffin,
With a snow-white silken pall ;
Young girls dropp'd bright flow'rs along the path,
And tears more precious than all.

But behind it was one who wept not,
Who utter'd nor word nor sigh—
'Twas the bridegroom who smil'd that morning on
The bride with the deep-blue eye.

Two forms came tottering after,
Two pictures of despair ;
They wrung their hands in agony,
And tore their aged hair.

The rose-bud of their old fond hearts,
Their age's hope and pride,
On the morning it breath'd its sweetest breath,
Had droop'd its head and died.

I follow'd to the old church-yard,
I heard the solemn prayer ;
The dust was thrown on the coffin-lid—
But the bridegroom linger'd there.

And, above the grave so simple,
A bird was soaring high,
Like a blessed soul, departing for
Its birth-place in the sky.

One by one did the mournful band
Leave the abode of death,
And no one spoke to the silent youth
With consolation's breath.

They left him alone, in sorrow
To pass the night away ;
He never saw the morning—
Dead on the grave he lay ! *

* It was, and I believe still is, the custom, in many parts of Switzerland, where this sketch is supposed to have been taken, to bury the dead within six or seven hours after the breath has left the body.—Hence, it frequently occurs, that many are entombed alive. I recollect reading a melancholy fact of a lover, whose mistress was considered dead, and was buried according to custom, in opposition to his tears and entreaties. For some time he wandered like a maniac about her grave ; and the magistrates at last permitted it to be opened, in pity to his sufferings, for he persisted in the belief that she had been incarcerated alive.—To the horror of all present, when the earth was removed, they discovered the lid of the coffin broken, and the body dreadfully distorted by the vain exertion of the unhappy girl to free herself from the grave, upon recovering from the trance.

OH, FOR THE HILLS!

Oh, for the hills, the giant hills!
The free-born eagle's home—
Where once, a boyish mountaineer,
It was my pride to roam.
Ye happy hours! ye golden hours!
That bless'd my youthful years—
With anguish I remember ye,
With sorrow and with tears.
Oh, for the hills, the giant hills!
The free-born eagle's home—
Where once, a boyish mountaineer,
It was my pride to roam.

Past times, loved times!—Ah, happy days,
Ye ne'er will come again;
My grief-fraught accents are not heard,
I breathe my prayers in vain.
My mountain-staff is broken now,
My spirit's broken too;

Dear native scenes ! my eager eyes

No more will gaze on you.

Oh, for the hills, the giant hills !

The free-born eagle's home—

Where once, a boyish mountaineer,

It was my pride to roam.

FOR MUSIC.

1.

The wind is piercing cold, dearest—
 I'll shield thee from the blast ;
The wintry day grows old, dearest—
 The rain is falling fast :
But what are winds or rain, dearest,
 Compar'd to that more rude ?
They strive, but strive in vain, dearest,
 To match ingratitude.
Then check that rising sigh, dearest,
 That sigh o'er-fraught with pain—
And dry that tearful eye, dearest,
 That weeps, but weeps in vain.

2.

Oh, grieve no more, my own dearest—
 The life-blood of my heart
Shall flow for thee alone, dearest,
 For all to me thou art.

Here, take thy balmy sleep, dearest,
 Upon my throbbing breast ;
Let guilt and falsehood weep, dearest,
 But peaceful be *thy* rest.
Then check that rising sigh, dearest,
 That sigh o'er-fraught with pain ;
And dry that tearful eye, dearest,
 It weeps, but weeps in vain.

3.

We yet may find a spot, dearest,
 Where sorrow cannot come—
Some fair, though lowly cot, dearest,
 To be our age's home ;
Where our declining years, dearest,
 May glide in peace away,
Undimm'd by sorrow's tears, dearest,
 And end life's chequer'd day.
Then check that rising sigh, dearest,
 That sigh o'er-fraught with pain ;
And dry that tearful eye, dearest,
 It weeps, but weeps in vain !

THOU ART ALL TO ME NOW!

1.

Thou art all to me now ! and the light of the past
In reality's midnight hath faded at last :
Thou art all to me now, love ! for nothing I see
In the waste of existence, save thee, only thee !

2.

I loved thee sincerely, when visions were bright—
I loved thee in sunshine—I love thee in night ;
For bright is the star that shines out in the storm,
And sacred its beauty, and hallow'd its form.

3.

My bosom thy pillow, my love for thy shield,
Oh, dread not the lances our enemies wield ;
Tho' sorrow and sickness have shaded my brow,
Strong, strong must his arm be, who injures thee now.

THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

TO ———

1.

There is a lovely simple flower,
Soft Nature's faithful gem—
It blooms not in the gaudy bower,
Nor Flora's diadem.

2.

Its modest head is scarcely rais'd
Above the parent earth ;
Not often is its beauty prais'd,
Less frequently its worth.

3.

It sometimes blushes on the breast
Of the young village maid ;
But seldom, seldom, deigns to rest
Where splendour is array'd.

4.

It decks the brow of guileless youth,
Before the canker steals
Into the sacred breast of truth,
And all its pow'r reveals.

5.

Then turn the page, my blooming fair—
Thrice happy be thy lot !
Behold the blue-eyed treasure there,
Love's own "Forget-me-not."

FOR MUSIC.

1.

Farewell, farewell, my happy home !
Farewell, my blooming bride !
For the burning East our sails are spread—
They swell in matchless pride.
Who would desert the sea,
When, high above old ocean's caves,
The free breath of the morning waves
The flag of liberty ?

2.

Tho' mountain-high the waters rise,
Tho' lightnings fiercely flash,
Tho' thunders rattle in the skies,
And clouds around us clash—
Who would desert the sea,
While, high above old ocean's caves,
The broad wing of the tempest waves
The flag of liberty ?

I CANNOT WEEP !

1.

I cannot weep ! I cannot weep !

Altho' my eyes are aching—

I cannot shed a single tear,

Altho' my heart is breaking.

My joys are wither'd—in the grave

My hopes are stretch'd beside them ;

No moisture greets my pallid lips,

Grief's fever-fire has dried them.

But oh, I cannot, cannot weep,

Altho' my eyes are aching—

I cannot shed a single tear,

Although my heart is breaking !

2.

My gentle love, my buried love !

The grass which waves above thee,

The flowers my hands have planted here,

Can witness how I love thee ;

For they have felt my ceaseless sighs
For ever wafting by them,
And they have mark'd my wild despair,
Whene'er I wander'd nigh them.
Yet, oh ! I cannot, cannot weep,
Altho' my eyes are aching—
I cannot shed a single tear,
Altho' my heart is breaking !

3.

'The light is past that cheer'd my heart—
Departed—lost for ever ;
And dark hour follows darksome hour,
But day returneth never :
Like those who freeze 'neath arctic skies,
When sunless comes the morrow,
So passeth on my dreary life,
In rayless gloom and sorrow.
Yet, still, I cannot, cannot weep,
Altho' my eyes are aching—
I cannot shed a single tear,
Altho' my heart is breaking !

ON THE RUINS OF DUNWICH.

1.

The sea hath overpower'd thee,
And, like a ruthless foe,
Triumphantly rolls over thee
Its billows to and fro ;
And all the dark waves spared of thee,
Alas ! must pass away ;
Time's withering grasp is laid on thee,
And hurls thee to decay.

2.

Around thy fallen majesty
The serpent ivy creeps ;
The mourning muse of history
O'er thy sad ruin weeps.
Grass tufts are springing on thy walls,
Thy towers grey moss display—
Those monuments of former power,
And grandeur past away.

3.

Upon thy crumbling battlements,
The screech-owl builds her nest,
Where many a knight to lady bright
Once bow'd his shining crest ;
Pale ruin stamps triumphantly
Upon each time-worn stone,
And, with a smile, exultingly
Proclaims thee all his own !

ADDRESS TO THE LIFFEY,

WRITTEN BY THE SALMON-LEAP, AT LEIXLIP.

The storm sweepeth on, with its red wing of light,
Thro' the thick dismal gloom of the starless night,
And passeth away like a dark troubled dream—
But not so the roar or the dash of thy stream ;
Still foaming and tumbling, while rocks clash together,
To ocean it rushes, for ever—for ever.

The noontide of rapture, the midnight of pain—
The love-blighted heart, or the heedless and vain—
The May-day of youth, or the winter of age—
The sports of the boy, and the thoughts of the sage,
Pass away like a star-shot, to re-appear never ;
But thou art unchanging, for ever—for ever.

Rolling on, rolling on to the wide-spreading sea,
Imposing, majestic, proud, glorious, and free—

The deep woods embow'r thee, and kiss thy clear tide,
Which shines like a conqueror, deck'd in his pride ;
But heroes and summer-leaves oft fall together—
While thou must be *spring-fresh* for ever, for ever.

I COULD NOT ENFOLD THEE.

TO ———

1.

I could not enfold thee,
I could not behold thee,
When all look'd around thee so gay and so glad ;
No, come to me only,
Thus lost and thus lonely,
Thus grief-worn, thus hopeless, heart-broken and sad.
'Tis thus thou art nearest,
'Tis thus thou art dearest,
Thus blighted, benighted, thus lightless and lorn ;
'Tis thus I would woo thee,
'Tis thus I would view thee—
For I, too, am wasted, dejected, and worn.

2.

When joys were the lightest,
And hope shone the brightest,
Then thou wert the beam that scared darkness away ;

Life faded without thee,
All love dwelt about thee,
And made thy existence but one summer's-day ;
Then in this chill season,
The death-time of reason,
When joy turns to sorrow, and sorrow grows mad,
Oh come to me only,
Thus lost and thus lonely,
Thus grief-worn, thus hopeless, heart-broken, and sad.

3.

In youth's sunny morning,
Ere joy gave us warning
How soon his bright pinions would spread to the wind,
How rich were the flowers
That bloom'd in the bowers,
Where first thy dear image enchanted my mind ;
But winter has chill'd them,
The cold wind has kill'd them,
And summer for them hath no pleasure in store ;
Like us they are slighted,
Like us they are blighted,
Like us they have wither'd to blossom no more.

FOR MUSIC.

1.

The night was dark, the thunder roll'd,
The rushing wind was strong and cold,
And quick and loud the deep bell toll'd,
 Within thy walls, St. Hilda ;
And Monks were moving to and fro,
With hurried steps, and looks of woe,
 To find the Nun, Matilda ?
 The tempest play'd
 Around the maid,
Yet fearless was the rover,
 As thro' the gate,
 With heart elate,
She flew to meet her lover.

2.

For, thro' the darkness of the night,
Distant appear'd her hero's light,
Upon the stormy waters, bright

And cheering, on before her ;
Behind a hundred torches came,
A hundred voices shriek'd her name,
But Love still forward bore her.
The lightnings flash'd,
As on she dash'd—
The white surf foam'd beside her ;
Yet still she fled
Along its bed,
Nor fear'd what might betide her.

3.

She gain'd the boat—her fears were past—
Still her pursuers follow'd fast ;
But gaily in his arms, at last,
The gallant soldier caught her :
“ Fear nothing now, sweet Love !” he cried,
“ For thy true knight is by thy side,
To waft thee o'er the water.”
The monkish band
Stood on the strand,
As swift the tempest bore them,
All safe and free,
Far over sea,
With Love and Hope before them.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE TROOPS PASS ON THEIR WAY TO
EMBARK FOR PORTUGAL.

As Britannia sat watching the bright starry foam,
That encircled the shores of her dear, happy home,
A smile graced the cheek of the warrior-maid :
“ Loved Isle !” she exclaim’d, “ blest with spirits as free
As the wild-rolling waves of my far-spreading sea !
Oh, where is the despot would dare to advance,
And meet the proud lightning of Liberty’s glance,
Or wait for the death-stroke of Liberty’s blade ?”

The words were scarce utter’d, when, wild with her fears,
The Genius of Freedom, in sorrow and tears,
A suppliant stood by the Goddess’s side ;
Her bright golden tresses were all unconfin’d—
And, floating in light, on the gay morning’s wind,
O’er her shoulder the standard of Portugal hung—
From her lips the proud war-cry of Portugal rung—
And “ Aid me, dear Sister !” she mournfully cried.

“ Britannia, arise ! shed thy light o’er the world—
Let the banner of England once more be unfurl’d,
And her bulwarks again proudly float o’er the wave ;
For Spain is in arms, my fond hopes to deride ;
And Portugal hails thee with glory and pride,
To smile on her cause, and assist in the strife—
To shield the oppress’d—to save Liberty’s life,
And conquer the tyrant who fights to enslave !”

The Goddess rose up, with her eyes flashing light—
Elated, terrific, commanding, and bright,
And summon’d her spirits from mountain and wave :
“ My legions are ready, my ships on the sea—
In thy cause are enlisted the brave and the free ;
Their hearts are high beating to succour thy need,
And will follow wherever thy footsteps shall lead—
To conquest and life—or a patriot’s grave !”

TO MY GUITAR.

1.

Farewell, my guitar ! I have loved thee sincerely,
 Could falsehood a gift so enchanting bestow ?
Return to the syren I still love too dearly,
 And let thy soft notes speak the depth of my woe :
My tongue cannot utter a sound to accuse her—
 But oh, in thy numbers, my grief let her hear ;
And tho' my heart break in the moment I lose her,
 Do thou speak sweet pardon and peace to her ear.

2.

For she was my load-star of love and devotion,
 Hope's Paradise beaming in blissful array ;
And shone o'er the waves of life's dark stormy ocean,
 A beacon of light to illumine my way.
The black clouds of falsehood now shadow her splendour,
 Her brightness is lost in their vapoury shade ;
Hard, hard is the young heart I once thought so tender,
 And deep is the wound by its treachery made.

3.

Farewell, my guitar ! I in sadness resign thee,
For dear were thy notes to my sorrowing soul ;
To her, the unkind one, again I consign thee,
Who once held my feelings in blissful control :
And when o'er thy strings her white fingers shall wander,
May memory bring back those moments again,
When I spoke love's language, and she smil'd the fonder,
Deceiv'd me, betray'd me, and left me to pain !

FOR MUSIC.

Fare thee well—fare thee well—fare thee well, love !

Pleasure's charming delusion is o'er ;
Sorrow's night-bird hath shriek'd rapture's knell, love,
And hope's day-break will brighten no more.

Far away, far away, far away, love,
To the land of the stranger I roam ;
But wherever my footsteps may stray, love,
My thoughts will ne'er wander from home.

When the sun seeks the waves of the west, love,
And his last beams illumine the shores,
The Gheber's dark eyes fondly rest, love,
On the light which his spirit adores :

And thus fond to the last, to the last, love,
Shall my faithful eyes dwell upon thee ;
For thou wert the light of the past, love,
And tenderly worshipp'd by me.

But, alas ! fare thee well, fare thee well, love !

My heart's fond dream of rapture is o'er ;

Night is nigh, the winds blow, the sails swell, love—

And Hope's day-break will brighten no more,

TO MY OWN DEAR JANE.

ALL—"Love's Young Dream."

You ask, for what I loved you first,
 Whene'er we meet ;
Why does the desert wanderer thirst
 For fountains sweet ?
In darkness long I journey'd thro'
 Life's cold and desert plain,
But caught a beam of light from you,
 My own dear Jane.

It was not for the fragile flower
 Of beauty bright,
Which shines but in the sunny hour,
 And droops at night ;
It was the heart of truth you bore,
 Unsullied by a stain,
And that fond smile of love you wore,
 My own dear Jane.

TAKE THE HARP.

AIR—"Ah hyd y nos."

Take the harp, and let me hear thee,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Softly, sweetly singing near me,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Now, whilst grief my soul encumbers,

Wake it from its silent slumbers,

Soothe me with its magic numbers,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Let me see thy fairy fingers,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Sweep the strings where music lingers,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Still, oh ! still, the strain repeating,

So enchanting, tho' so fleeting—

Sing, and ease my bosom's beating,

Dark-eyed Maid !

Oh ! those notes were full of power,

Dark-eyed Maid !

In a fairer, brighter hour,

Dark-eyed Maid !

When the smiles of Pleasure won me,

And the eyes of Love were on me—

Sing, then, now those blessings shun me,

Dark-eyed Maid !

YOUNG FANNY.

AIR—"Dance in the Honey-Moon."

Young Fanny is the prettiest,
The liveliest, the wittiest,
The sweetest, dearest, and the best,
That danceth on our village green ;
And she is aye my bosom's pride ;
She vows to be my bonnie bride,
As aft we wander, side by side,
At night unseen.

The silver moon aboon our heads—
On airy feet she lightly treads,
Amang the dewy daisy beds ;
While philomel is singing clear,
Upo' a milk-white thorn above—
Enchanting a' the silent grove
Wi' saft and thrilling lays o' love,
Sac sweet and dear.

Each youthful eye she doth entrance,
She smiles sae sweetly in the dance,
But gies to me her fondest glance,
As swift we thro' the mazes go ;
Then says to me, " At ten to-night,
Where last we met, by Dian's light,
I'll come to thee with fairy flight,
My ain dear jo."

Then down the middle straight we lead,
While mony hearts are doom'd to bleed,
To see my Fanny tak nae heed
O' a' their sighs and a' their pain ;
The measure done, we know nae smart,
For Love has bound us heart to heart,
And oh ! we feel we only part,
To meet again.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

In the darkness of woe, on the white rock she stood,
And wildly she gazed on the far-spreading flood ;
The big drops of sorrow gush'd fast from her eyes,
And the mountains' wild caverns re-echoed her cries.

“ He is gone ! ” she exclaim'd, “ my delusion is o'er,
And my harp will awaken to rapture no more ;
I am scorn'd by the god of my love-stricken soul,
And despair rends my bosom, defying control.

“ Tho' warm are the looks of our bright sunny skies,
Cold, cold are the glances of Phaon's dark eyes ;
He feels not—he heeds not these tear-drops that start,
But triumphs, alas ! o'er the grief of my heart.

“ The blue deep beneath me will stifle my woes—
The song of the storm will ne'er break my repose—
The fierce war of feeling within me will cease,
And death bring poor Sappho the blessing of peace.”

One look to her dear native valley she threw—
One sigh from the depth of her bosom drew—
One thought to the cold-hearted Phaon she gave—
Then sprang from the rock, and was lost in the wave.

FOR MUSIC.

1.

I love thee, my Mary, and tho' it may be
 A sin to confess how sincerely,
My error may surely be pardon'd by thee—
 For when didst thou censure severely ?
Oh ! never—for shrined in the depth of those eyes,
 Whose beauty reminds us of heav'n,
All lovely the young soul of tenderness lies,
 And tells me at once I'm forgiven.

2.

Then come to this heart which now burns in my breast,
 And tho' fate may to ashes have doom'd it,
Like the phœnix, again it will start in its nest
 To new life from the flames which consum'd it !
And tho' now, like a night-bedew'd blossom, all tears,
 Thou droop'st thy fair head in sorrow,
The sun will soon shine out, to brighten thy fears,
 And bring thee a beautiful morrow.

WHERE HOPE IS LIGHT.

Where hope is light, and joys are bright,
And love is ever beaming,
Where all is beauteous to the sight,
And sunny smiles are streaming ;
Where fairy footsteps grace the ball,
And fairy forms are glancing,
Like airy visions thro' the hall
Of bliss, each soul entrancing !—
It is not there, 'mid gaudy show,
The soul of pity waketh ;
The broken heart alone can know
The pain of that which breaketh.

'Tis not in meditation's bower,
For countless charms enwreath it ;
And hope still wanders to the flower,
But not the thorn beneath it.
The virgin's heart may heave a sigh,
To hear a tale of sorrow—

Perhaps a tear may dim her eye,
But hope returns with morrow :
And he who basks 'neath summer-skies,
Where all is warm and pleasing,
Thinks not upon the wretch, who lies
Under the north-star, freezing.

But he who pines in prison dark,
Bereft of all who love him—
Whose languid eyes no longer mark
The death-cold dews above him—
Whose cheek no longer seems to feel
Their moisture down it flowing—
Whose fetters gall, but never heal,
The wound still deeper growing;—
'Tis only he can feel such woe
As in my bosom acheth—
The broken heart alone can know
The pain of that which breaketh !

TO THE REV. MARCUS MONCK,
RECTOR OF RATHDOWNNEY, QUEEN'S COUNTY,
THE FIRM FRIEND, THE TENDER PARENT, AND THE BENEFactor
OF HIS FLOCK.

Farewell, farewell!—my eager eyes
Pursue the carriage as it flies ;
Dark envious clouds of dust pursue,
And shroud its inmates from my view :
Adieu, dear friends! nor bear in mind
Ye leave one grieving heart behind.

Ye cannot hear my fervent prayer—
The words are lost in empty air ;
Nor could those words to you impart
The gratitude that fills my heart—
But while my lute retains a string,
'Twill vibrate to the name I sing.

Farewell!—where'er my footsteps stray,
Kind thoughts of you shall cheer my way ;

In future hours of pain or grief,
Your image still will bring relief;
Should storms and dangers round me press,
Could I forget, or love you less !

Oh, no ! the thought of misery
Could force no tear-drop from mine eye ;
The world's despise I could disdain,
And fling it back my scorn again—
Travel each stage of sorrow thro',
And smile—if welcom'd home by you !

May 8th, 1829.

QUITTING HARBOUR.

The chief's on board, and gladness lights each eye—
“All hands up-anchor,” is the boatswain's cry;
Like busy ants, arise the eager swarms,
Dark'ning the vessel with their dusky forms;
In measur'd paces, to the wedded strife
Of the hoarse drum and the shrill-sounding fife,
They urge their speed, and whirl the capstern round—
“Yo, hey, heave, ho,” their mingled voices sound.
But, hark! the boatswain's pipe—belay, belay!
The anchor's peak'd, the capstern *pall*—delay.
And now, “*aloft*,” the chieftain's voice is heard;
All spring obedient to the welcome word.
As to their hives the honey-laden bees
In hasty numbers press, with bended knees,
They seek their tops, and thickly clustering stand,
Waiting impatient for the next command.
“Lay out—lay out,” a youthful voice repeats—
The yards are mann'd—and the late prison'd sheets,

Forced from their gaskets, belly to the wind ;
The anchor's weigh'd—old England left behind :
The British Ensign floats towards her lea—
She spreads her wings, and boldly stands to sea.

I HEARD OF THEE.

FOR MUSIC.

I heard of thee in former years,
 When all was bright and gay ;
I see thee now, and light appears,
 Tho' Hope withdraws her ray.
Oh, Lady, sing that song once more—
 It minds me of a strain
I listen'd to in former years,
 But ne'er shall hear again.

'Twas feeling all—the rush of fire—
 The soft voice scarcely heard ;
I drank the music of thy breath,
 In every thrilling word :
It seem'd an echo of those sounds
 I heard in former years,
When all was sunshine to the eye,
 Where now are only tears.

MORNING IN ICELAND.

'Twas morn—and from his couch of snows
The northern God of Summer rose,
And over ice-bergs, drifts, and floes,*
His golden beams were glancing :
The hardy hunter climb'd the cliff—
The fisher launch'd his little skiff,
Which bounded o'er the wave, as if
For love of light 'twere dancing.

The Iceland maid, with laughing eyes,
Forsook her dream of love, to rise
And gaze on the illumin'd skies,
So long by darkness shrouded ;
And bade a gay farewell to night,
Her bosom throbbing with delight,
As fervently she bless'd the light,
Refulgent and unclouded.

* A large sheet of ice, whose extent is discernable from the mast-head of a vessel.

The rein-deer left his snowy lair,
Shook his bright coat of glossy hair,
And gladly sniff'd the mountain air—

 No coward terrors bound him ;
Boldly on Hecla's* scalp he stood,
Shot his bright eye-glance over wood,
Rock, mountain, icy plain, and flood,
 That smil'd in light around him.

The sea-birds sail'd along the sky,
In countless thousands, sportively,
And the proud eagle, soaring high,
 Up from his eyrie-home,
Seem'd but a speck in the wide waste
Of blushing ether—and at last
Evanished into the vast
 And heaven-bounded dome.

The bleak north wind, from cavern drear,
Welcom'd the day of half the year,
And, sporting in the sun-beam clear,
 Lost its destroying cold ;

* Mount Hecla.

And as it kiss'd the deep-blue stains
That form'd the ice-field's * running veins,†
Or swept along the frozen chains
Of moving mountains old,

Changed to a breeze, as soft and mild
As that which fair Aurora's child
Sent o'er the western vale, when smil'd
His breath-born flow'rs around,‡
Which oped their dewy leaves and eyes,
Of lovely, rich, and varied dyes,
Wooing the beauteous butterflies
That 'mid their sweets were found.

And, lovelily and peerlessly,
The snow-peaks seem'd to raise
Their glitt'ring summits, melting in
The sun's refulgent gaze ;

* A sheet of ice, so extensive that the eye cannot reach its boundary.

† A vein or narrow opening in the ice.

‡ Zephyrus—he was said to produce flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath. He was supposed to be the same as the west wind
J. Lempriere.

And as the cold drops, rolling, fell
Down to the wat'ry base,
They look'd as tho' for joy they wept,
To see bright Balder's* face—

Who proudly shot his arrowy light
Along the frozen shore—
It danc'd on the volcano's brow,
And smil'd in splendour o'er
Hill, plain, and valley, lake and spring,
Sea, rivulet, and river—
Those wondrous works of Him who lives
For ever and for ever.

* * * * *

* Balder, son of Odin, god of eloquence and poetry, and ruler of the sun—the Scandinavian Apollo. He was represented as a youth with a burning wheel upon his breast.

FOR MUSIC.

And wilt thou, then, forget me, dear,
And all the love I bore thee,
And heed no more the starting tear
That speaks how I adore thee ?

And shall I never, never more
Behold thy cheek of beauty—
Shall all our rapture fly before
That chilling word call'd "Duty?"

Nay, let me draw thee to my heart—
These lips once more caress thee,
Which, whensoever they meet or part,
In quivering accents bless thee.

I've seen love sparkle in thine eye,
With rays of truest pleasure ;
I've felt him, in thy bosom's sigh,
Breathe his celestial treasure.

And canst thou, then, forget me, dear—
Forget the love I bore thee ;
Nor heed the sigh, nor heed the tear,
That speaks how I adore thee.

FOR MUSIC.

1.

The nightingale is singing clear,
Upo' its thorny tree,
And wi' its music woos ye, dear,
To hasten down to me ;
The bonnie moon is shining bright,
The flowers are dress'd in dew ;
Love reigns o'er earth and sky to-night—
And Collin waits for you.

2.

There's no' an eye to mind us, love—
Fast closed is every ear ;
And morning beams shall find us, love,
Where nought is seen to fear.
The boattie slumbers on the tide,
The winds are sleeping too ;
The waves are hush'd by Lomond's side—
And Collin waits for you.

YOU TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME NOT.

TO ———

You tell me that you love me not,
Yet still you lure me on—
And, syren-like, you charm my soul,
Tho' all its hopes are gone :
You tell me that my faults are great,
Yet smile upon me still,
And snare me in your fairy web,
To more securely kill.

You tell me that my passions are
Too wild to be sincere—
Yet passion breathes in every sound
That from your lips I hear :
You tell me that my heart is light,
Oh say not so again,
Until you draw the arrow forth—
That cause of all my pain.

You say my faithful vows of love
Are hateful to your ear—
Yet still your eyes, like summer skies,
Beam on me warm and clear :
You bid me seek another fair,
And strive to love again—
But look as tho' you surely know
The mandate is in vain.

You've bade each tender hope depart,
That smil'd around my soul—
Yet tempted them to linger still,
And war against control ;
Yes, tho' your words have wrung my heart,
Your looks have seem'd to say,
" Love on and you may yet, perhaps,
Behold a brighter day."

FORGET ME NOT.

TO ———

Forget me not!—for I have thought
Full many wakeful hours on thee,
And in my fever'd dreams have sought
The joys that day denied to me—
To tell thee what I'd now reveal,
Did I not fear the crimson die
Of anger o'er thy cheek might steal,
And light indignant fill thine eye :
No, all the boon I crave of thee,
Is sometimes to remember me.

Oh, hadst thou been unfetter'd still,
I might have hoped to find in thee
The antidote for every ill—
The source of every joy to me :
But, as thou art, I can but sigh,
And gaze on thy forbidden charms

Perhaps a tear may dim mine eye,
To see thee bless another's arms :
But keep the ring I send to thee,
And sometimes, sweet, remember me.

A REFLECTION.

While youth and beauty round diffuse
Their brilliant haze, we scarce refuse
 To join the festive song ;
A magic glass holds up to view
The long perspective, ever new,
 Of pleasure's varying throng.

As time brings the perspective near,
The brilliant haze will disappear,
 And shew a prospect cold ;
The wither'd flow'r, the heartless joy,
And all the nothings that employ
 Poor mortals, young and old.

But still, amid the changeful scene,
Some fragrant blossoms we may glean—
 Some gems may sparkle bright ;
Affection's soft, yet beaming ray,
And Friendship, open as the day,
 Shed no delusive light.

THE INDIAN'S RETURN.

“ Ye red flashing lightings, whose impotent ire
Pierce nought but the thunder-cloud's breast,
On me—oh, on me, spend the force of your ire,
And give a worn wanderer rest.

“ Man, tell me no more of bright visions to come,
Of joys that may crown me at last—
The future can never restore my lost home,
Or bring back the days that are past.

“ These, these are the hills where so often I've stray'd,
And here stood the wide-spreading tree,
Where my lovely companions of infancy play'd,
With spirits all joyous and free ;

“ But the oak tree is wither'd—those young hearts so gay
The shadows of death have o'ercast—
No hope of the future will cheer me to-day,
Or recal the moments long past.

“ The red arm of slaughter has deluged my hearth,
 With the blood of my Yaricho's heart—
My children in death press the cold callous earth—
 But destruction denies me his dart.

“ 'Tis false!—to the cliff!”——With the speed of a deer,
 When the hounds on his haunches pursue,
He the precipice gain'd—wiped a lingering tear ;
 Then plung'd—and was lost to the view !

THE END.





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